

Cheating: It's All-American — And It's Great!

By [Joel Stein](#) Monday, Aug. 17, 2009

There is a dangerous anticheating sentiment in this country. We are disgusted by David Ortiz and Manny Ramirez for taking steroids — even though steroids made Boston relevant for the first time in 200 years. We are appalled by swimmers who break records with full-body polyurethane suits — despite the fact that this technology allows straight men to look directly at the television.

These steroided, polyurethaned cheating men should be our heroes. For while we trumpet achievement through discipline, Americans are a performance-enhanced people — a Botoxed, Prozacked, Viagraed, LASIKed, Propeciaed, liposuctioned, tooth-whitened, spell-checked, serotonin-inhibited superrace. When Ortiz pushes a baseball over the fence with his balloon-animal arms, when Nancy Pelosi delivers one of her smooth-browed lectures, when Joe Biden smiles so photographers don't have to bother lighting a beer summit, they are celebrating the fact that we are no longer prisoners of our genetics. Having to accept the station you were born into is exactly why we left Europe. Also, the portions were too small.

Of course swimmers should wear the suit that makes them go the fastest. Sport, just like life, is a complicated competition that involves technology, training, psychology and doing stupid things to impress girls. Testing untrained, naked people on their natural ability would be pointless, though I am considering pitching it to Fox. The only reason Michael Phelps objects to the full-body suits is that his sponsor, Speedo, doesn't make one. Speedo, apparently, is committed to making the gonad-gripping suits that are yet another reason we left Europe.

Should athletes not be permitted to get risky surgeries to prolong their careers? Should they not be allowed to take chances on the field that might get them hurt? Should we require them to read the books they supposedly write? Where will the madness end?

I don't want to watch swimmers move as slowly as they did in 1950. I also don't want to watch swimmers go as fast as they do now. That's because swimming is the only sport exactly as boring to watch as it is to do. But I do want — and fully expect — to one day see a baseball hit out of a major league stadium and into another major league stadium.

We need to stop pretending we are honest and instead be honest about cheating. The ethical battle of our time is about the fairness of medical technology: genetic engineering, cloning, steroids, plastic surgery. We are O.K. with Viagra, LASIK and Paxil because they restore basic human functions, but we get really uncomfortable when people improve themselves by buying their pert breasts or giant pecs. It's no different from the original objections to wearing makeup, dyeing one's hair, and oiling up before an ancient Greek wrestling match — which would not have been necessary if ancient Greek men had had makeup and hair dye.

Our moral superiority about our naturally thin lips or un-home-runny arms is nothing more than a silly, momentary discomfort with technology improving our bodies, which will go away when these procedures are cheaper and safer. I for one will proudly take steroids when they finally make ones that don't ruin your health, necessitate a shot, or require you to keep going to the gym after taking them. I pretty much stopped caring what I looked like once I got married.

I have long been an advocate of cheating. It started when my dad fooled an IRS auditor by comparing different vintages of phone book, finding an out-of-business furrier and getting me to use my Apple IIe to create a fake receipt to prove a false fur-coat donation. I'm a big fan of the statute of limitations. While some would call that tax fraud, I thought of it as preventing animal cruelty.

By my senior year in high school, everyone in Mr. Kurtiak's AP European-history class had the answer keys to his never changing multiple-choice tests, and only my friend Art Chung refused to use one. Art is now a junkie prostitute. Actually, he went to Yale and is now an incredibly successful writer for game shows. But what did he gain by not cheating? "I know why the Treaty of Westphalia was signed, and you don't," he said. When I asked him why the Treaty of Westphalia was signed, Art got real quiet. "Uh. I believe it was about the Thirty Years' War," he said. I was laughing at his stupid guess until he looked it up. "Suck it! It was!" he yelled. That's when I knew for sure that Art had finally learned his lesson and had used that pause to cheat and look it up. I am so proud of him.

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[time/magazine/article/0,9171,1914987,00.html](http://www.time.com/magazine/article/0,9171,1914987,00.html)>.

A Jerk

by Sidney J. Harris

I don't know whether history repeats itself, but biography certainly does. The other day, Michael came in and asked me what a "jerk" was--the same question Carolyn put to me a dozen years ago.

At that time, I fluffed her off with some inane answer, such as, "A jerk isn't a very nice person," but both of us knew it was an unsatisfactory reply. When she went to bed, I began trying to work up a suitable definition.

It is a marvelously apt word, of course. Until it was coined, there was really no single word in English to describe the kind of person who is a jerk--"boob" and "simp" were too old hat, and besides they really didn't fit, for they could be lovable, and a jerk never is.

Thinking it over, I decided that a jerk is basically a person without insight. He is not necessarily a fool or a dope, because some extremely clever persons can be jerks. In fact, it has little to do with intelligence as we commonly think of it; it is, rather, a kind of subtle but persuasive aroma emanating from the inner part of the personality.

I know a college president who can be described only as a jerk. He is not an unintelligent man, nor unlearned, nor even unschooled in the social amenities. Yet he is a jerk *cum laude*, because of a fatal flaw in his nature--he is totally incapable of looking into the mirror of his soul and shuddering at what he sees there.

A jerk, then, is a man (or woman) who is utterly unable to see himself as he appears to others. He has no grace, he is tactless without meaning to be, he is a bore even to his best friends, he is an egotist without charm. All of us are egotists to some extent, but most of us--unlike the jerk--are perfectly and horribly aware of it when we make asses of ourselves. The jerk never knows.

Why We Crave Horror Movies

■ Stephen King

Stephen King's name is synonymous with horror stories. A 1970 graduate of the University of Maine, King worked as a janitor in a knitting mill, a laundry worker, and a high school English teacher before he struck it big with his writing. Many consider King to be the most successful writer of modern horror fiction today. To date, he has written dozens of novels, collections of short stories and novellas, and screenplays, among other works. His books have sold well over 250 million copies worldwide, and many of his novels have been made into popular motion pictures, including *Stand by Me*, *Misery*, *The Green Mile*, and *Dreamcatcher*. His books, starting with *Carrie* in 1974, include *Salem's Lot* (1975), *The Shining* (1977), *The Dead Zone* (1979), *Christine* (1983), *Pet Sematary* (1983), *The Dark Half* (1989), *The Girl Who Loved Tom Gordon* (1999), *From a Buick 8* (2002), and *Everything's Eventual: Five Dark Tales* (2002), his first collection of short stories in nine years. Other works of his include *Danse Macabre* (1980), a nonfiction look at horror in the media, and *On Writing: A Memoir of the Craft* (2000). Each year King and his wife, novelist Tabitha King, donate at least 10 percent of their pretaxable income to charitable organizations, many of them local. The widespread popularity of horror books and films attests to the fact that many people share King's fascination with the macabre. In the following selection, originally published in *Playboy* in 1982, a variation on "The Horror Movie as Junk Food" chapter in *Danse Macabre*, King analyzes the reasons we flock to good horror movies.

FOR YOUR JOURNAL

What movies have you seen recently? Do you prefer watching any particular kind of movie—comedy, drama, science fiction, or horror, for example—more than others? How do you explain your preference?

■ think that we're all mentally ill; those of us outside the asylums only hide it a little better—and maybe not all that much better, after all.

We've all known people who talk to themselves, people who sometimes squinch their faces into horrible grimaces when they believe no one is watching, people who have some hysterical fear—of snakes, the dark, the tight place, the long drop . . . and, of course, those final worms and grubs that are waiting so patiently underground.

When we pay our four or five bucks and seat ourselves at tenth-row center in a theater showing a horror movie, we are daring the nightmare.

Why? Some of the reasons are simple and obvious. To show that we can, that we are not afraid, that we can ride this roller coaster. Which is not to say that a really good horror movie may not surprise a scream out of us at some point, the way we may scream when a roller coaster twists through a complete 360 or plows through a lake at the bottom of the drop. And horror movies, like roller coasters, have always been the special province of the young; by the time one turns 40 or 50, one's appetite for double twists or 360-degree loops may be considerably depleted.

We also go to re-establish our feelings of essential normality; the horror movie is innately conservative, even reactionary. Freda Jackson as the horrible melting woman in *Die, Monster, Die!* confirms for us that no matter how far we may be removed from the beauty of a Robert Redford or a Diana Ross, we are still light-years from true ugliness.

And we go to have fun.

Ah, but this is where the ground starts to slope away, isn't it? Because this is a very peculiar sort of fun, indeed. The fun comes from seeing others menaced—sometimes killed. One critic has suggested that if pro football has become the voyeur's version of combat, then the horror film has become the modern version of the public lynching.

It is true that the mythic, "fairy-tale" horror film intends to take away the shades of gray. . . . It urges us to put away our more civilized and adult penchant for analysis and to become children again, seeing things in pure blacks and whites. It may be that horror movies provide psychic relief on this level because this invitation to lapse into simplicity, irrationality and even outright madness is extended so rarely. We are told we may allow our emotions a free rein . . . or no rein at all.

If we are all insane, then sanity becomes a matter of degree. If your insanity leads you to carve up women like Jack the Ripper or the Cleveland Torso Murderer,¹ we clap you away in the funny farm (but neither

¹*Jack the Ripper, Cleveland Torso Murderer*: serial murderers who were active in the 1880s and the 1930s, respectively. [Eds.]

of those two amateur-night surgeons was ever caught, heh-heh-heh); if, on the other hand, your insanity leads you only to talk to yourself when you're under stress or to pick your nose on your morning bus, then you are left alone to go about your business . . . though it is doubtful that you will ever be invited to the best parties.

The potential lyncher is in almost all of us (excluding saints, past and present; but then, most saints have been crazy in their own ways), and every now and then, he has to be let loose to scream and roll around in the grass. Our emotions and our fears form their own body, and we recognize that it demands its own exercise to maintain proper muscle tone. Certain of these emotional muscles are accepted—even exalted—in civilized society; they are, of course, the emotions that tend to maintain the status quo of civilization itself. Love, friendship, loyalty, kindness—these are all the emotions that we applaud, emotions that have been immortalized in the couplets of Hallmark cards and in the verses (I don't dare call it poetry) of Leonard Nimoy.²

When we exhibit these emotions, society showers us with positive reinforcement; we learn this even before we get out of diapers. When, as children, we hug our rotten little puke of a sister and give her a kiss, all the aunts and uncles smile and twit and cry, "Isn't he the sweetest little thing?" Such coveted treats as chocolate-covered graham crackers often follow. But if we deliberately slam the rotten little puke of a sister's fingers in the door, sanctions follow—angry remonstrance from parents, aunts, and uncles; instead of a chocolate-covered graham cracker, a spanking.

But anticivilization emotions don't go away, and they demand periodic exercise. We have such "sick" jokes as, "What's the difference between a truckload of bowling balls and a truckload of dead babies? (You can't unload a truckload of bowling balls with a pitchfork. . . a joke, by the way, that I heard originally from a ten-year-old). Such a joke may surprise a laugh or a grin out of us even as we recoil, a possibility that confirms the thesis: if we share a brotherhood of man, then we also share an insanity of man. None of which is intended as a defense of either the sick joke or insanity but merely as an explanation of why the best horror films, like the best fairy tales, manage to be reactionary, anarchistic, and revolutionary all at the same time.

²Leonard Nimoy (b. 1931): television and film actor. [Eds.]

The mythic horror movie, like the sick joke, has a dirty job to do. It deliberately appeals to all that is worst in us. It is morbidity unchained, our most base instincts let free, our nastiest fantasies realized . . . and it all happens, fittingly enough, in the dark. For those reasons, good liberals often shy away from horror films. For myself, I like to see the most aggressive of them—*Dawn of the Dead*, for instance—as lifting a trap door in the civilized forebrain and throwing a basket of raw meat to the hungry alligators swimming around in that subterranean river beneath.

Why bother? Because it keeps them from getting out, man. It keeps them down there and me up here. It was Lennon and McCartney who said that all you need is love, and I would agree with that.

As long as you keep the gators fed.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. What, according to King, causes people to crave horror movies? What other reasons can you add to King's list?
2. Identify the analogy King uses in paragraph 3, and explain how it works. (Glossary: *Analogy*)
3. What does King mean when he says, "The horror movie is innately conservative, even reactionary" (4)?
4. What emotions does society applaud? Why? Which ones does King label "anticivilization" emotions (11)?
5. In what ways is a horror movie like a sick joke? What is the "dirty job" or effect that the two have in common (12)?
6. King starts his essay with the attention-grabbing sentence, "I think that we're all mentally ill." How does he develop this idea of insanity in his essay? What does King mean when he says, "The potential lyncher is in almost all of us" (9)? How does King's last line relate to the theme of mental illness?
7. What is King's tone in this essay? (Glossary: *Tone*) Point to particular words or sentences that lead you to this conclusion.

VOCABULARY

Refer to your dictionary to define the following words as they are used in this selection. Then use each word in a sentence of your own.